10-27-1958

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The Official Newspaper of
the Student Body Association of
the California School of Fine Arts

Oct. 27
1958

THE OVERWHELMING RESPONSE TO OUR FIRST ISSUE HAS SHAKEN US TO OUR FUNDAMENTAL UNDERBRACING. Indeed the echoing silence has us so shook that we can hardly summon up the energy to emit this second appeal for succor.

THERE WILL BE AN ORGANIZATION MEETING FOR STAFF OF THE TOWER AND A PROJECTED STUDENT MAGIZINE WEDENSDAY THE 29th OF OCT. It will be held in the Social Hall during the afternoon coffee break. We need reporters, interviewers and staff writers. Anyone wishing to make an occasional contribution to the Tower can leave the manuscript in the box provided in the front office.
office. Names will be witheld on request but anonymous pieces will have to be ignored, so please identify yourself.

THE KIND OF THING WE'D LIKE TO HAVE IS: articles in praise or condemnation of members of the faculty and/or teaching methods in use at CSFA , remarks on the strange people one sees around the school, (commercial students thoughts on ping-pong majors or bongo-beaters feelings about suit-wearers), dissertations on esthetics and motivation of creative workers, and discussions of wheter there are any creative workers in these precincts or not and if so why. IN OTHER WORDS; I'M LOOKING FOR A GOOD FIGHT AND WILL BE DELIGHTED TO HOLD YOUR COATS. C$mon,mix it.

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THE REGISTRARS OFFICE WOULD LIKE TO REMIND THOSE STUDENTS WHO HAVE NOT YET DONE SO TO LET THE OFFICE KNOW WHAT THEIR LOCAL ADDRESSES ARE. ALSO, A NUMBER OF STUDENTS HAVE TRANSCRIPTS FROM OTHER SCHOOLS STILL DUE, THIS IS ESPECIALLY IMPORTANT TO THOSE ON THE G.I. BILL AS YOU ARE NOTFULLY ENROLLED UNTIL YOUR PAST WORK HAS BEEN EVALUATED. Of course if you arent interested in that check ...

AN UNTITLED POEM BY K. LEE MANUEL

The eyes of you look out
And up into the over blown spaces
Of everywrere, the convival breath
Of man-nature acts.
The nose of you scents
And sniffs the wind plucked fumes
Of potpourri -- or lightly whiffs
The trail of a childs fisted flower.
The ears of you may fairly burst
From rollicking din of frenzied crowds
With toy machines, -- and too,
You catch the phonic race
Of november leaves with brittle seams
Who use your face for tireless games.
The mouth of you -
Great cavity through which
An array of flavors may pass
In a gluttonous gulp,- or a single morsel
You select and hold it gently
Between your huge jaws
To savor while you may.

These senses would not be yours,
What are to you orgasms of life,
Would be but,--
so what-- never seen-- comeand gone-- never changes--
except for the weather-- day after night-- night after day--
occurences.

If not for your insanity
Well hidden, within a part,
Well guarded by a sentinal tower,
Fortified within thick walls
And leaded doors.
Your illumed secrets left to die
If not for that pit into which
These are funneled
And there explode
Into crazed whirlwinds of color.

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WHITE SPACE

USE FOR INDIGNANT LETTERS